

## Both Sides Of the Shield

By the Late Maj. Archibald Butt, U. S. A.

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## A Love Story Of the South, Old and New.

(Continued from Previous Issue.)

I DO not know how it would have ended had the thought not come to me, as it by inspiration, that I could, at least, be of some small service to her, yet keep my identity in the background. After waiting in Augusta one more week in anxious hope that each day might bring a letter from her, I took the train for Atlanta, and there began a search for the holders of the mortgage on the Pines. With good references I presented myself at the office of one of the large trust companies, and authorized the agents to trace the mortgage and to secure it at any cost. After weeks of incessant work we traced the holders somewhere in the southern part of the state, and an agent of the company was dispatched there to take up the mortgage. The woman on whom the mortgage was to be secured was necessary to secure the consent of Bud and to excite his suspicion. The holders of the paper were instructed to say that they had to sell and that they had found a company whose business it was to lend money.

Nothing was said about reducing the interest. It was not until the transfer had been made that I told the company that I had reduced the interest from six to four per cent. I had followed the transaction with the keenest interest, and the officials who were in the office at the time were interested almost as I. I told them that under no circumstances were the Pines to know of this transaction, and everything must be done through them. They understood the necessity of secrecy, and the officials of the company of this act would reflect it and force a foreclosure had they any reason to believe that the interest had been reduced through any desire to assist them in any way. Satisfied that I had done something for Miss Ellen, I determined to leave for the west. It was while going to take my train that a circumstance occurred that delayed my departure for several days more. I was late and was hurrying through the depot when I ran fairly in the arms of Bud. I did not know him at first, and it was only when I stepped back with a conventional apology that I saw the strong outlines of his face. I knew it was that of Miss Ellen's brother. It was only a momentary glimpse I had of him, but he looked older and more careworn than I had seen him. He seemed preoccupied and did not recognize me, for, lowering my face, I hurried past him, and he was in the waiting room. I abandoned all intention of taking the train that day, for I at once recognized that my face had become known and that Bud had come to Atlanta with the determination of either having the transfer revoked or else forcing me to accept the former interest on the mortgage. By a circuitous route I reached my hotel and, sending for a messenger, dispatched a note at once to the company informing the officials of the arrival of Mr. Turpin.

The next day I learned that Bud, thinking the transaction somewhat queer, had come to Atlanta to see about it himself, and that he had seen Miss Ellen had urged him to it to satisfy himself that I was in no way connected with the benefit which those at the Pines would derive from the reduction of the interest. Bud demanded to know to whom his family was indebted for this unexpected piece of generosity. My agent told him that these mortgages had become very valuable and that he could not afford to let them go. He said that he had been told that the matter was a business transaction. Bud left for the Pines again, and I had reason to believe, with a lighter heart, that the matter was settled.

Lost in the background and congratulating myself on the success of my scheme, I wandered into the west. The face of Ellen was ever before me. Night and day, the picture of her, clad in a simple, singular dress, and with her hair pulled up, and her hand pointing in the direction of the old memorial bridge, was ever in my mind. Several times I tried to resume my writing, but my pen seemed to drop from my fingers or my mind refused to respond to my will. In dejection of spirit my head would fall over my arms and I would sit for hours dreaming of the Pines and Miss Ellen. In my apathy I journeyed to Japan, and for a while life seemed brighter in that remote looking country, but I was not content. I was ever recurring to my thoughts of the picture of Miss Ellen, and my heart would swell and tears would unbidden to my eyes as I remembered our parting. There was talk of war between my country and Spain, but this interested me not. I had never lost my sense of the proportions of things. Resolved at last to take up the thread of my life and begin again, I started for the States. Almost the first thing I learned on reaching the Pacific slope was that the Pines had been declared. The will of an indignant people had swept aside politics and diplomacy and had surged with such force about the nation's rulers that no one dared to stand in its path.

The martial spirit of my ancestors had never burned within me, for my mind had always been set in other directions, and I was not a man of war. Never hesitating a moment, however, I started across the continent. By telegraph and letters I collected my scattered influences and, backed by my delegation in congress, asked the governor of my state for a commission. It was secured without much trouble, and I was mustered in the service as a first lieutenant of volunteers in one of the regiments from Massachusetts.

Then began the weary weeks—and months. It seemed to me that I was waiting. The excitement of enlisting and drilling the men, organizing the companies, and getting the recruits uniformly armed and equipped, like I ceased to brood over my disappointment, and while my love for Miss Ellen was as great as ever, I was not so much troubled. The day that the state was a sad one for many, but it was not so for me. My heart bounded with joy when the order for our movement was read. Headquarters. Of all the officers I think I was the only one whose departure was not blessed with more than a tear, or a sweetener. My father, now old and feeble, came to see me, and his eyes became moist as he held me for the first time in my uniform and folded me in his arms. My mother had

long been dead—in fact, I could scarcely remember her at all. Before saying goodbye to my father I gave him a letter and made him promise that he should anything happen to me, he would send it to the address on the envelope.

He looked at me sadly for a moment and said: "Does she live in the south, Howard, and is that why you have stayed away so long?"

I told him yes, and turned away with my head bent so low that I could not see what he said. He laid his hand gently on my shoulder and said: "I thought you were dead, Howard. We Palmers have never been lucky there, my son, and I thought I understood many little things in his life and knew then why he never had anything but what was kind to say of that southern country when he heard it under discussion. I grasped his hand and held it for a moment.

"May God protect you and bring you safe to me again," was all he said, and left me.

Our regiment was only ordered to the front but it was a start. The days were dreary ones, and I shall never forget the shout our boys at the front when the order which turned our faces toward the front at Chancellorsville was read to them. It set our blood on fire, and I cannot express my feelings of that day.

I recall the happy faces of those Bay state fellows as they prepared to fight for the Union. The spirit of wisdom and foresight the chief executive commanded that the troops from Massachusetts should be brigaded with those from California with the men from Maine and Vermont, and the men from Massachusetts with those from New England. This was how we found ourselves in the same brigade with a Georgia regiment and with another from Kentucky.

We marched with one another from the first on friendly terms, we shared one another's rations and nursed one another's sick. I met every Georgian with an outstretched hand, for I felt somehow that the men who had made which the others did not possess. The individual was lost in that great, crowded camp, and I was not even known to the men with whom I was to fight. But I was destined to hear news of my friends much sooner than I thought.

I had been sent to division headquarters one day with a message from my colonel. As I stepped under the awning of the tent I saw an officer in a major's uniform sitting at a table reading some reports. The face was partially in shadow, but I saw at once that it was Bud.

How much he knew I did not know. He was eager to learn. He saw me before I spoke, and not waiting as I had done, he leaped from the table, scattering the contents over the floor, and rushed to me with arms outstretched. Impulsively he threw his arms around my neck and with the other grasped my hand. He saw how deeply my feelings were affected, and he said: "Bud," I asked finally, "how are all at the Pines?" It was the question which was most on my mind. I had been hungry, yet dreading to hear news of them.

"About the same. Nothing ever changes there," he said. "Your father and mother?" I asked. "Both are well, thank God," he said. "And Miss Ellen?" I ventured. For a moment his face clouded when he told me she was not like what she used to be. The suddenness with which he had shot across his mind for the first time, he dropped my hand and said: "She has never been the same since you were there." He seemed so sad, so stiff with dignity as he added: "I thought about your visit there, but I thought you would know what I would do. Before taking my hand again answer me honestly. Palmer, did you write with us at the Pines?"

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## Friendly Interest In Neighboring Republics Prompts Pan American Union

Through It the United States Is Enabled To Give a Helping Hand and a Friendly Bit of Advice to Latin American Countries.  
By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 1.—The deep interest which the United States feels in the welfare of the 29 other republics of the western world, the Pan American union, with headquarters in Washington, is a unique international institution, organized for the purpose of promoting commercial intercourse between the 21 American republics, each of which contributes to its maintenance in proportion to its population and area. Its activities have widened until today it is one of the leading factors in promoting trade and friendship between the countries which tend to unite all of the countries from the Canadian border to Cape Horn.

Beginning the Monroe Doctrine. The interest of the United States government in her sister republics began when America was young. When James Monroe was president he boldly announced that the safety and welfare of the United States made it necessary that the country of the Americas should acquire another foot of territory in the new world, whether by purchase, conquest, or otherwise, and that attempts to do so would be regarded as acts of unwarranted aggression. The nations of Europe were astonished at the west in this serving notice upon them that they must keep hands off the Americas. The Monroe Doctrine has become one of the principles of international law tacitly recognized by all nations. The Pan American union has become one of the principles of international law tacitly recognized by all nations.

Bound together by so many ties it is not surprising that the 21 American republics should feel a deep interest in the political and commercial welfare of each other. The Pan American union will be enhanced by the building of the Panama canal, which will vastly benefit them. This growing interest finds concrete expression in the annual conference of the Pan American union. The union has its existence by common consent and cooperation, and its members are the 21 American republics. The union has its existence by common consent and cooperation, and its members are the 21 American republics.

Controlled by Governing Board. The affairs of the Pan American union are controlled by a governing board composed of the diplomatic representatives in Washington of the 21 American republics. The board is elected by the union. The union has its existence by common consent and cooperation, and its members are the 21 American republics.

First Pan American Conference. This first Pan American conference was attended by eminent delegates from 20 of the countries and passed a resolution providing for a "commercial bureau of American republics," which should act as a clearing house for the exchange of information among them in such a way as not only to foster the exchange of trade, but also to make the exchange of trade a more profitable one. The conference was presided over by James T. Blaine, then secretary of state, who long had advocated such a union of the 21 American republics to make them one great and happy family of people. One of his dreams was to see the 21 American republics united in a single confederation, to unite the capitals of all of the American republics and to stimulate commercial and industrial progress in an era of understanding between the various peoples would inevitably follow.

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ment, 79,000,000 people. They conduct now an annual foreign commerce valued at more than \$2,000,000,000. One-half of this business has grown up in a single decade. The tremendous "boost" which the completion of the Panama canal promises to give to Latin America will probably quadruple this great volume of business in less than a single generation. The immense force the country represented by the Pan American union is emphasized by the fact that if a merchant vessel steamed out of New Orleans harbor and sailed around Panama to San Diego, Cal., its log would show 15,000 miles, or nearly five times the distance across the Atlantic. On the other hand, a man inspired by the wanderlust visited to make the unusual journey across the widest portion of South America from Pernambuco, Brazil, by way of the northern coast of Brazil, the Amazon river and over the Andes by Guayaquil, Ecuador, he would be obliged to travel approximately 3,500 miles. As he entered and sailed up the Amazon he would discover that the river empties into the Atlantic with a flood four times greater than that of the Mississippi. The Amazon and its tributaries as large as the Louisiana canals, it is estimated, would be navigable in 1,000 miles, while the largest canal, the Suez, is only 100 miles long. The docks at New Orleans may ascend still another thousand miles farther to the city of Iquitos, Peru. Copyright, 1912, by Frederic J. Haskin.

Prune Now Breaks Out Into Sassyety. Is No Longer the Humble, Cheap Diet, but Is Getting Costly.

While in El Paso, the prune is somewhat higher than it used to be just as the price of wheat and corn has risen. It has taken its place in "society," but doubtless will, as it is doing elsewhere, be regarded as a luxury. But now comes the high cost of living. An investigation conducted by competent authorities in Chicago, has revealed the startling fact that a stewed prune costs 5 cents. How's that?

It was when a person was broke he ordered the simple, wholesome and very cheap diet of prunes and straightened out. But now comes the high cost of living. An investigation conducted by competent authorities in Chicago, has revealed the startling fact that a stewed prune costs 5 cents. How's that?

EL PASO LOSER HIS WATCH. A watch, valued at \$100, was lost by a man in El Paso. The watch was found by a boy in the street. The man who lost the watch was a stranger in the city. The boy who found the watch was a native of the city. The man who lost the watch was a stranger in the city. The boy who found the watch was a native of the city.

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